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TIPPOO TIB.

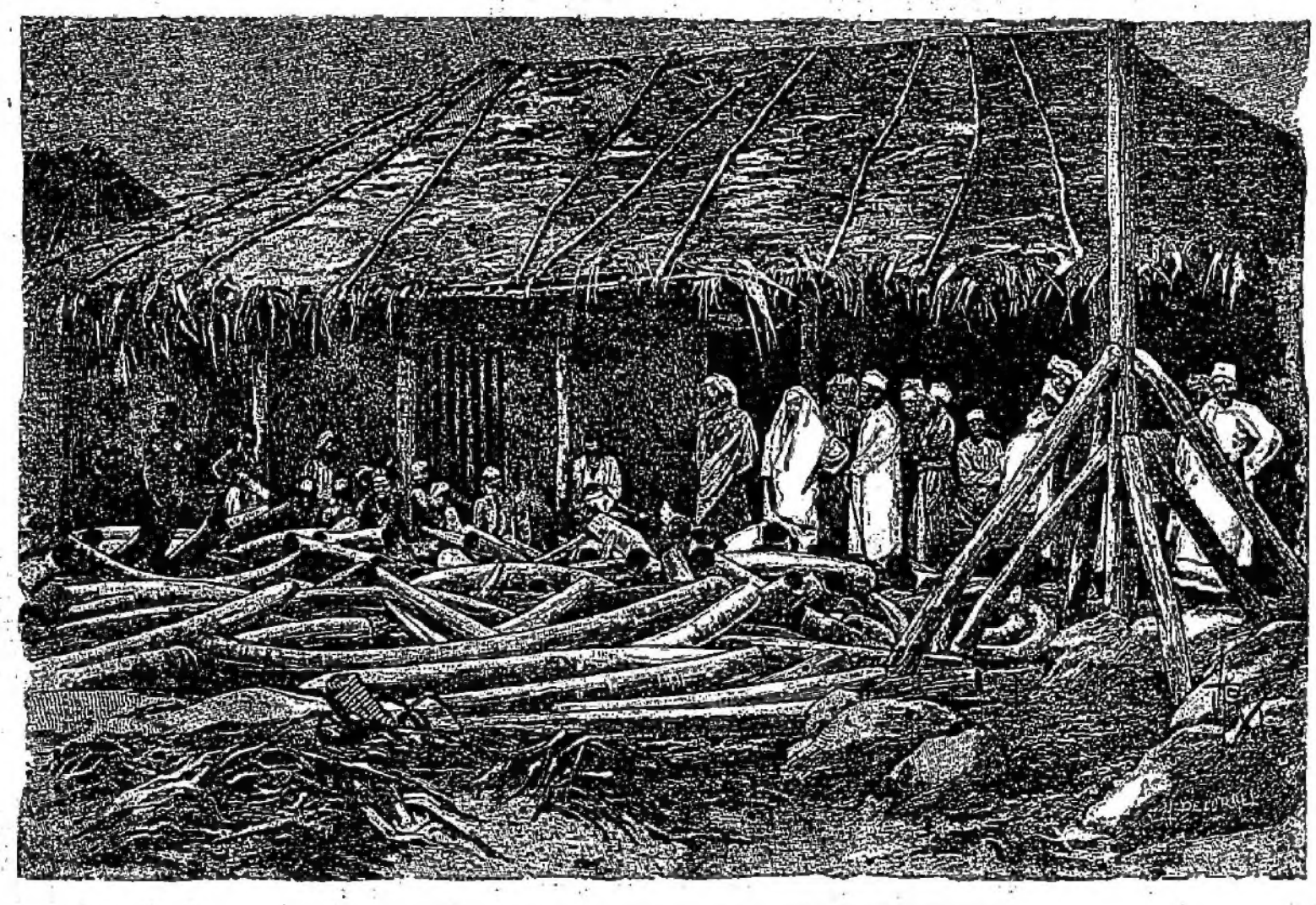
A MODERN SLAVE DEALER.

Among the many natives of Africa known to European travellers to-day none are so notorious as Hamad ben Mohamed, or as he is more commonly called, Tippoo Tib. A native of Zanzibar, he was years ago looked upon, with his father, as one of the richest travelling merchants of that place. He is perfectly black, but in manners and ideas he is a thorough Arab. To many African explorers he has been well known. Stanley first met him in 1876, after he had parted from Livingstone, and hired him and his men to accompany him as carriers down the Congo. He described him as an Arab of great influence, and well-known throughout Central Africa, indeed a sort of migratory king among the tribes of the upper Congo. He could easily assemble a thousand fighting men at a few days notice and at any time could command the services of two or three hundred of them. He was, he says, "a tall, black-bearded man, of negro complexion, in the prime of life, straight, and quick in his movements, a picture of energy and strength. He had a fine intelligent face, with a nervous twitching of the eyes, and gleaming white and perfectly formed teeth. He was attended by a large retinue of young Arabs, who looked up to him as a chief, and a score of Wongwana and Wanyamwezi whom he had led over thousands of miles through Africa. With the air of a well-bred Arab, and almost courtier-like in his manner, he welcomed me to the village, and his slave being ready at hand with mat and bolster, he reclined vis-a-vis while a buzz of admiration of his style was perceptible from the onlookers. After regarding him for a few moments, I came to the conclusion that this Arab was a remarkable man, the most remarkable man I had met among the Arabs in Africa. He was neat in his person, his clothes were of a spotless white, his fez cap brand new, his waist was encircled by a rich dwole, his dagger was splendid with silver filagree, and his *tout ensemble* was that of an Arab gentleman in very comfortable circumstances."

It was then, according to Mr. Herbert Ward, that he received the name by which he is now known. "It was applied to him by the people at Kassongo in consequence of their hearing the sharp, distant rattle of the bandit's guns when on some of their slave-catching excursions. The crack of the rifle-shot sounded in their ears like 'tip-tip-tip.' Another name he has won on the eastern side of Africa is 'M'Kango Njaa,'—'Afraid of Hunger,' for the natives declare that in traversing their barren country hunger is the only enemy of which he is in dread." He is now the most formidable ruler throughout the whole Congo region. Stanley Falls is his advance post. Here his Arabs camp on both sides of the river, sending out their ghastly expeditions in all directions carrying death and destruction to the smallest native settlement in their path. At Stanley Falls, says Mr. Ward, who was of Stanley's staff when he went, in 1884, to found the Congo Free State, there are large colonies of people living in canoes. They have been driven from their original settlements—hunted like wild animals by the Arabs—and have had to abandon all idea of living on shore. They gain their subsistence by fishing, and in exchange for the fish they catch, they are able to procure plantains, bananas, and other kinds of food from the stronger tribes who have been able to retain their countries.

"The Arab system of raiding," to quote again from Mr. Ward's article in a late number of *Scribner*, is "unique."

"About fifty years ago they subdued the extensive Manyema country, of which Nyangwe and Kassongo are now well-known centres. The Manyemas, after being thus disbanded, gradually allied themselves with the Arabs, and eventually have spread their operations throughout the country to an enormous extent. The Arabs, on their expeditions in search of slaves and ivory, generally surround the native villages early in the morning. At a given signal they rush in from all points, firing right and left and capturing all the women. If the men offer resistance they are shot, otherwise they are allowed to escape. The marauders then pillage all the huts in the village, which they afterward fire. If, however, the place happens to be extensive, the Arabs adopt different tactics. They form a stockade or zareba. Thus fortified they establish themselves, maintaining a strict watch at night. During the whole of their stay they keep this attitude of defence. After the lapse of several days they release two or three of the wo-



TIPPOO TIB'S CAMP AT STANLEY FALLS, WITH AN ACCUMULATION OF IVORY.

men prisoners, who are instructed to deliver a message to the men—in hiding far away in the forest—to the effect that if they want their women back they must come and redeem them with tusks of ivory—each woman being valued at the rate of one large tusk. Then several days pass, until perhaps one morning early a gruff voice is heard in the distance hailing the encampment. He inquires as to the truth of the statement brought by the women, and then follows a parley. During the subsequent days the persecuted natives come with ivory to redeem their mothers, sisters, or wives. Eventually they make friends with their conquerors, who then use them as guides to the next encampment, where the same treatment is repeated upon the neighbors of those recently plundered. Part of the reward that the guides receive from the Arabs is the flesh of the people who are shot in the next attack.

"Arabs who have travelled in these parties have frequently related to me the ghastly details of these cannibal orgies. The bodies of those who are shot in the streets are dismembered, and the flesh is thrown into one general heap, so that the head man may, with greater facility, direct its distribution. This human flesh is cooked over the fire on sticks. It is a singular characteristic of these people that they are ever ready, after having become reconciled with their Arab enemies, to lead them on to the destruction of their neighbors, and even manifest the keenest interest in doing so."

With the founding of the Congo Free State Tippoo Tib is intimately connected. When Stanley was Governor a revolt took place on the Upper Congo and Tippoo Tib, who many considered had encouraged the revolt, was appointed governor of the disturbed district. As Governor he secured quiet throughout the disturbed parts, but the appointing of so notorious a slave raider to such a position met with such strong opposition that for a time the Free States were forced to retire completely from the Upper Congo.

Tippoo again comes to the fore in the early part of the Emin Relief Expedition, when Stanley was organizing his expedition on the banks of the Aruwimi, a river which enters the Congo from the north, a little below Stanley Falls. He was contracted with to provide carriers for the second column of the expedition which was to start up the river under command of Major Barttelot, but failed for some reason to carry out the agreement. In the trouble that ensued Major Barttelot was shot and it yet remains to be decided how much of the responsibility rests upon the shoulders of Tippoo Tib. The large picture which we give is from a sketch in *Scribner* by Mr. Ward and represents a portion of forty tons of ivory, the result, says that gentleman, of a little over three months' raiding. The value of this ivory in British money would be £40,000, while the outlay to the Arabs in obtaining it would be but a matter of a few hundred dollars' worth of gunpowder wherewith to shoot and intimidate the poor wretched savages. They are all very large tusks, much above the average size and weight.

THE SPARE BED.

A friend recently gave us the following eulogy, clipped from we know not where, with the request that we help to extend its circulation. We comply, not without a strong feeling of the usefulness of such effort. It requires more than ridicule to convert the average housekeeper from her blind devotion to the traditions of her foremothers concerning the "spare room:"

Who first called them "spare beds?" Why didn't he name them "man-killers" instead? I never see a spare bed without wanting to tack the following card on the head-board:

NOTICE!
THIS BED WARRANTED
to produce
NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM,
Stiff Joints, Backache,
DOCTOR'S BILLS, AND DEATH!

When I go out into the country to visit my relatives, the spare bed rises up before my imagination days before I start, and I remember how cold and grave-like the sheets are. I put off the visit as long as possible, solely on account of the spare bed. I don't like to tell them that I would rather sleep on a picket fence than to enter that spare room and creep into that spare bed, and so they know nothing of my sufferings.

The spare bed is always as near a mile and a half from the rest of the beds as it can be located. It is either upstairs at the head of the hall, or off the parlor. The parlor curtains haven't been raised for weeks; everything is as prim as an old maid's bonnet, and the bed is as square and true as if it had been made up to a carpenter's rule. No matter whether it is summer or winter, the bed is like ice, and it sinks down in a way to make one shiver. The sheets are slippery clean, the pillow-slips rustle like shrouds, and one dares not stretch his leg down for fear of kicking against a tombstone.

Ugh! shake me down on the kitchen floor, let me sleep on the haymow, on a lounge, stand up in a corner, anywhere but in the spare bed! One sinks down until he is lost in the hollow, and foot by foot the prim bed-posts vanish from sight. He is worn-out and sleepy, but he knows that the rest of the family, are so far away that no one could hear him if he should shout for an hour, and this makes him nervous. He wonders if any one ever died in that room, and straightway he sees faces of dead persons, hears strange noises, and presently feels a chill galloping up and down his back. —*Sanitary Volunteer.*

LOOKING HIGHER.

There is a useful hint for Sunday-school teachers in the following from the *Youth's Companion.*

A woman, well-known throughout the country for her goodness and shrewd insight into human nature, was for many years occupied in trying to educate and elevate the working women of an inland town. She confessed to having made many mistakes at first.

When I began to make acquaintance among the girls in the P —— mills, she said, I was disgusted with their vanity and frivolity. They cared for nothing but dress, and spent their poor earnings upon tawdry finery and pinchbeck jewellery. I used to lecture them incessantly on this point, arguing against their folly, but in vain. The wind blowing against a stone wall had more power than my reasoning or my eloquence.

After some time, however, reading-rooms were established for these women, lessons were given them in cooking, sewing and vocal music; they were led to form guilds, to help orphan children, the sick, and women poorer than themselves.

Their brains and hearts were awakened and set actively to work, and lo! in a few months the tawdry finery had disappeared. Their dress became neat and quiet, and occupied only a small share of their attention. My conclusion was, that if you want to conquer a fault you must climb above it.

Democritus was highly applauded by the Spartans because he put out his eyes that he might not see the fine horses and jewels belonging to his neighbors, which excited envy in his heart.

He might have gained his end as surely, and at a less price, if he had taught his eyes and thoughts to rise above the diamonds and horses.

We have all heard of the foolish man who spent his life raking together the mud and muck upon the high-road, while the stars of heaven burned unnoticed above him. Yet the fault was not in the mud for being mud and in its place, but in the man who would not lift his eyes.

HOW TO TEACH THE CLASS TO STUDY.

In a very successful class, the following plan is pursued: The teacher divides the lesson into topics, and the class into groups; and to each group one topic is assigned. To one is given the connecting links between the last lesson and the one to follow. It is the duty of another group to study the geography of the lesson scene. A third must be posted in the history of the characters or cities under discussion. The spiritual truths are sought by others, and illustrations are assigned to the last group. These illustrations are to be drawn from the Bible, history, personal experience, and general reading. Nothing is accepted which is found on the lesson help in use by the school.

The geographical group does not by any means always study geography. The teacher can assign to them the spiritual themes for the next Sunday, and so change the topics till every member of the class has had experience in the practical preparation of the lesson. In a smaller class than the one mentioned, individuals can be substituted for groups.

Some scholars will probably say that they have no books necessary for their work. Robinson's "Harmony of the Gospels," and "The Bible Text Book," a revised edition of which has been published by the American Tract Society, will prove extremely helpful in the preparation of the lessons we are now studying. At a trifling expense the teacher can obtain these works, and lend them to scholars unable to make the purchase for themselves.

Interest is promoted in the study of the Bible by leaving a question with the class, the answer to which is to be given on the following Sunday.

Every one remembers how much easier it was to study the daily lesson from the familiar school-book. If your particular copy of the work was lost or mislaid, it seemed so awkward and unpleasant to use another. Weave a little spell of familiar association about the individual Bible. Encourage each scholar to bring his or her own. Give them a lesson verse of your own selection to mark every Sunday. Ask them to lay among its leaves the little text-cards or leaflets which you give them from time to time. By so doing you are helping them build a store-house of blessed memory and powerful influence. The Holy Bible becomes to each "my Bible," —holy through tender associations and individual revelation.—*Helen Jay*

SCHOLAR'S NOTES

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON X.—MARCH 9.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.—Luke 4:33-44.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 38, 39.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"He cast out the spirits with his word, and healed all that were sick."—Matt. 8:16.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Curing the Demoniac. vs. 33-37.
II. Curing the Fever-Patient. vs. 38, 39
III. Curing the Multitudes. vs. 40-44.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 4:33-44.—The Great Physician.
T. Mark 1:32-45.—The Leper Cleansed.
W. 2 Kings 5:1-14.—Naaman the Leper.
Th. Isa. 35:1-10.—The Glory of the Lord.
F. Psalm 89:15-27.—Help upon One that is Mighty.
S. Col. 1:1-23.—All Fullness in Christ.
S. Rev. 1:1-18.—The First and the Last.

TIME.—A.D. 28, May; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas Governor of Galilee and Perea.

PLACE.—Capernaum, a large city on the western shore of the Sea of Galilee, near its northern end; the synagogues of Galilee.

OPENING WORDS.

Jesus now made Capernaum the centre of his operations. From this city he took extended circuits through the country, preaching in the synagogues and healing multitudes that were sick. Jesus is still the great Physician, able and willing to cure and save every sin-sick soul that comes to him. He is also the Physician for our bodies, for no medicine can heal without his blessing. Parallel accounts, Matt. 8:14-17; Mark 1:21-39.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 33. *An unclean devil*—a demon. V. 34. *Let us alone*—the demon spoke through the speech of the man. *I know thee*—he knew that Jesus had come to destroy the works of the devil (1 John 3:8), and he cried out in terror. V. 35. *Rebuked him*—rebuked the demon. *Had thrown him*—Mark says, "tearing him." V. 36. *Amazed*—the new Teacher commanded as well as taught with authority. V. 38. *Simon's house*—Simon had removed from Bethsaida, his city (John 1:44), to Capernaum. *They besought him for her*—note how promptly he answered the prayer. So it is always. V. 40. *When the sun was setting*—as soon as the Sabbath was over. V. 41. *Suffered them not to speak*—Jesus neither needed nor wanted the testimony of Satan or that of his agents. V. 42. *A desert place*—read the parallel account (Mark 1:35-39), which is much fuller. V. 43. *I must preach the kingdom of God*—Revised Version, "I must preach the good tidings of the kingdom of God." V. 44. *He preached*—Revised Version, "was preaching," implying a continued ministry.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? Where did Jesus go from Nazareth? What did he do on the Sabbath? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. CURING THE DEMONIAC. vs. 33-37.—Who was there in the synagogue? What did the unclean spirit say? What did Jesus do? How did this miracle affect the people? For what purpose did Jesus come into the world? 1 John 3:8.

II. CURING THE FEVER-PATIENT. vs. 38, 39.—Where did Jesus go from the synagogue? Who was sick there? With what disease? How did Jesus cure her?

III. CURING THE MULTITUDES. vs. 40-44.—What happened when the sun was setting? Whom did Jesus cure? Why did he not permit the demons to speak? Whither did he go the next day? What did the people do? What is meant by stayed him? Why would Jesus not remain at Capernaum? Where did he preach? What did he do besides preaching? (See Mark 1:39.)

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That Jesus can subdue all evil in us as he subdued the demons.
2. That he cares for the sick and the sorrowing.
3. That we should ask him to help us to conquer our bad tempers and bad habits, and to heal the sickness of our souls.
4. That we can intercede with him for our sick friends.
5. That Jesus is the great Physician; he is both able and willing to cure all that come to him.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What miracle did Jesus work in the synagogue at Capernaum? Ans. He cast out an unclean demon.
2. What miracle did he work for the mother of Peter's wife? Ans. He cured her of a great fever.
3. What took place in the evening of the same day? Ans. He cured many that were sick, and many that were possessed with demons.
4. What reason did he give for leaving Capernaum? Ans. I must preach the kingdom of God in other cities also.

LESSON XI.—MARCH 16.

THE DRAUGHT OF FISHES.—Luke 5:1-11.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 8-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men."—Luke 5:10.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Empty Fishing-Boats. vs. 1-3.
II. The Multitude of Fishes. vs. 4-7.
III. The Fishing of Men. vs. 8-11.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 5:1-11.—The Draught of Fishes.
T. Matt. 10:1-15.—The Disciples Set Forth.
W. 1 Cor. 1:18-31.—The Preaching of the Cross.
Th. 1 Cor. 2:1-16.—The Testimony of God.
F. 2 Cor. 4:1-18.—We Preach Christ.
S. 2 Cor. 5:9-21.—Ambassadors for Christ.
S. Rom. 10:1-21.—Faith by hearing.

TIME.—A.D. 28, May, a few days before the last lesson; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

PLACE.—Capernaum and the Sea of Galilee.

OPENING WORDS.

The events of this lesson occurred during the week between the rejection at Nazareth (Lesson IX.) and the healing of the demoniac at Capernaum, Lesson X. As Jesus approached Capernaum he met upon the lake his former disciples, Simon, Andrew, James and John, who were washing their nets. Then he performed the miracle here recorded, and called these disciples again into his service. Read as parallel passages Matt. 4:18-22; Mark 1:16-20. Luke alone gives an account of the miracle.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 2. *Ships*—fishing-boats. *The fishermen*—James, John, Simon, and Andrew, his former disciples, who had returned to their homes and usual pursuits. V. 3. *Entered into one of the ships*—to avoid the press of the people. *Sat down*—the usual posture of a teacher. V. 4. *Launch out into the deep*—that is, the deep water. V. 5. *All night*—the usual time for fishing. (Compare John 21:2.) *At thy word*—on account of thy word; this involved faith. V. 6. *Had this done*—cast the net as directed by Jesus. *Net brake*—Revised Version, "their nets were breaking." V. 7. *Began to sink*—were on the point of sinking. V. 8. *Depart from me*—an expression of humility, as though he had said, "I am unworthy to be near thee." (Compare Isa. 6:5; Job 42:5, 6.) V. 10. *Catch men*—win men to the truth, that they might be saved. V. 11. *Forsook all*—a prompt and willing sacrifice.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What Scripture passage did Jesus read in the synagogue of Nazareth? What did his hearers say? How did Jesus reply? What did the people then do? Whither did Jesus go from Nazareth? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE EMPTY FISHING-BOATS. vs. 1-3.—Where was Jesus at this time? What did he see? Where were the fishermen? What did Jesus do? What did he ask of Simon? Why did he enter the boat? How did he teach the people?

II. THE MULTITUDE OF FISHES. vs. 4-7.—What did Jesus afterward say to Simon? What did Simon answer? What feeling did this answer show? What was the result? What did the disciples then do? How great was the multitude of fishes?

III. THE FISHING OF MEN. vs. 8-11.—What effect had this miracle on Simon? Why did he say depart from me? What was it that so affected him? Was he alone in his astonishment? What did Jesus say to Simon? What did the disciples do when they landed?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That Jesus sanctifies every worthy calling and turns it to his own use.
2. That all labor will be fruitless without his blessing.
3. That every service done at his command will have its reward.
4. That the gospel-preacher is a fisher of men.
5. That we should hear when the Lord speaks; work when he commands; believe what he promises; follow where he leads; be willing to forsake all, if need be, for Christ.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. For what purpose did the people come to Jesus at the Lake of Gennesaret? Ans. They pressed upon him to hear the word of God.
2. What did Jesus do? Ans. He went into Simon's boat and taught the people who stood on the shore.
3. What did he then say to Simon? Ans. Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets.
4. What took place when this was done? Ans. They took a great multitude of fishes.
5. What did Jesus say to Simon to calm his fear? Ans. Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

WINDOW GARDENS.

Window boxes filled with luxuriantly growing, free blooming plants will prove things of beauty which will give pleasure to the inmates of the house, the chance guest, and the passer-by.

Plants thrive much better when the pots are sunk in boxes than when kept on shelves or stands, where the sides of the pots are exposed to the sun, which bakes the earth and tender roots. The lover of flowers will find herself well repaid for the time, labor, and money expended in providing these snug receptacles for her plants by the growth, vigor, and lavish bloom they will show.

Our aim is only to tell how to provide some pretty and inexpensive boxes for the better keeping of the plants already housed. But we stop a moment to urge that in each home some bit of greenery should have a place. Because means are limited, choice plants hard to obtain, or the time to be devoted to their care short, the plants which will yield pleasure and carry a bit of summer through the long months of cold and snow-storms should not be given up.

It is far better to have plain boxes filled with easily grown plants than to have none at all. Because Mrs. Highfly has window boxes which are creations of art in pictured tile and carved wood, filled with rare plants and tended by an experienced gardener, is a very poor reason why some one else who happens to be blessed with a lesser share of riches should not try to have the more inexpensive boxes and easier grown flowers within her reach.

It is a happy fact that ordinary flowers can be bought for a trifle, and will grow and bloom so luxuriantly that they will rival the rare exotics in their grand surroundings. The window space at command and the means of the owner will decide to some extent the kind of boxes to be used. Really attractive ones can be made, put in place, and filled for a trifle, and even under the care of an inexperienced hand the plants will yield full return in flowers and foliage.

To make window boxes which will be positively handsome and show no trace of their plebeian origin requires but little skill or artistic ability. The boxes may be made of pine or any kind of inch-thick board. They should be as long as the window is wide, one inch deeper than the largest pot to be put in them is high, and one inch wider than the pot is broad.

Any ordinary carpenter can put the boxes together, but he should be instructed to use screws in place of nails for joining, since if nails are used the seams will soon show unsightly gaps. The top of the box may be finished by a narrow moulding, or by an inch-wide strip of thin board. The carpenter can either fasten it on or only fit it and leave it to be put on later, according to the decorations decided on. It is a good plan to have all window boxes furnished with a zinc lining, but as this adds quite an item to the expense, it may be left out, and the boxes made perfectly watertight by covering the cracks up the corner and around the bottom on the inside with putty.

When the boxes are ready for decorating, location, the kind of flowers to be grown in them, and the colors in the furnishings of the room where they are to be placed must all be taken into consideration before deciding how they are to be ornamented.

Bright colors should not be used for an entire box, and bright red in quantity should be avoided, unless the box is intended for holding ferns in a north window. Bright green is a color also to be omitted.

The most simple way to finish a box is to stain and oil it. A good staining fluid for imitating walnut is made by adding powdered burnt umber to boiling vinegar until the desired shade is procured. Apply the stain to the wood while hot, using a brush to put it on with, and rubbing off well with a woollen cloth. After the stain has dried in the wood, oil with boiled linseed-oil, rubbing long and well.

A very fine imitation of mahogany may be obtained by rubbing the wood with a solution of nitrous acid, then apply with a soft brush one ounce of dragon's-blood dissolved in about a pint of alcohol, with a third of an ounce of carbonate of soda, mixed and filtered. This will have a great brilliancy of polish. If it becomes marred, it can be restored by the use of a little cold-drawn linseed-oil.

More elaborate effects can be obtained by painting. A pretty box can be made by marking off the ends and sides into three inch-wide perpendicular stripes, and painting with pale blue, creamy brown, very light pink, and soft pale gray, using one color to a stripe, and taking them in the order named. Two coats of paint must be used, and one of varnish, after the last coat of paint is perfectly dry. The stripes must be carried up over the moulding around the top of the box, so that the stripes will show on the upper edge.

Instead of stripes the box may be marked off into three-inch squares, and the squares painted with the colors named. The effect is much better than would be imagined.

A very good imitation of a box with tiles set in may be made thus: Mark off the ends and sides of the box into squares the size of the depth of the box. There will be a square on each end and three or four on the sides. Frame the squares by tacking on narrow flat moulding. Paint the squares inside the moulding any color liked, and further ornament them with figure designs or arabesques; paint the moulding a dark brown.

Another box may be painted a very dark blue all over. On each end and the sides mark circles as large as can be made to leave an inch-wide space between them and at top and bottom. Paint the space inside the circles a creamy white, and on this ground some suitable design. Either figures or small landscapes can be used effectively. They can be easily adapted to the purpose from the designs given in the different art publications. After the painting is perfectly dry, the boxes should have two coats of clear varnish.

If the windows are low, the boxes may be placed on the floor, and should then have casters or small knobs screwed under each lower corner for feet. If the windows do not reach to the floor, the boxes should be raised enough to bring the top of the boxes on a level with the window-sill, or an inch or two below. It should never be so high that the light does not fall evenly over the plants. The boxes may be supported on iron brackets screwed to the wall or furnished with legs.

It is often desirable to keep large single plants on the floor near low windows. These can be provided with small boxes large enough to cover the pots holding them. Such boxes should have casters, so that the plant can be moved easily from place to place. They will be found a great improvement over the unwieldy pot, which must be lifted. They may be decorated in any of the ways described.

With the exception of ferns, it is better to keep the plants in pots, and set the pots in the boxes, filling in the spaces with moss or with sand, and covering the tops with growing moss. The plants can then be changed without disturbing them, and when one plant gets out of bloom, the pot can be lifted out, and another put in its place.

The plants should never be crowded too closely together. It is much more satisfactory to possess a few strong, free-growing plants than three times as many struggling with each other for room to grow.—*Harper's Bazar.*

TABLE TALK.

Fifty years ago a gentleman of New England had, as a philanthropist, an educator, and an author, an exceptional acquaintance with men of prominence in similar fields of endeavor in this country and abroad. His home was a place of resort for them. He had a large family of children, all of whom were permitted to be at the family table while those guests were present, as well as at other times. The table-talk in that home, between the parents and the guests, or between the parents and their children when no guests were present, was in itself "a liberal education." It gave to those children a general knowledge such as they could hardly have obtained otherwise. It was a source of promptings and of inspiration to them in a multitude of directions. Now that they are themselves parents and grandparents, they perceive how greatly they were the gainers by their trainings through the table-talk of their early home; and they are doing what they can to have the value of table-talk as a training agency for the young recognized and made effective in the homes which they direct or influence.

In one home where parents and children enjoy themselves in familiar and profitable table-talk, it is a custom to settle on the spot every question that may be incidentally raised as to the pronunciation or meaning of a word, the date of a personage in ancient or modern history, the location of a geographical site, or anything else of that nature that comes into discussion at the family table. As an aid to knowledge in these lines, there stands in a corner of the dining-room a book-rest, on the top of which lies an English dictionary, while on the shelves below are a biographical dictionary and a pronouncing gazetteer of the world, ready for instant reference in every case of dispute or doubt. At the breakfast-table, in that home, the father runs his eye over the morning paper, and gives to his family the main points of its news which he deems worthy of special note. The children there are free to tell of what they have studied in school, or to ask about points that have been raised by their teachers or companions. And in such ways the children are trained to an intelligent interest in a variety and range of subjects that would otherwise be quite beyond their ordinary observation.

One father has been accustomed to treasure up the best things of his experience or studies for each day, with a view to bringing them attractively to the attention of his children at the family table, at the day's close, or at the next day's beginning. Another has had the habit of selecting a special topic for conversation at the dinner-table a day in advance, in order that the children may prepare themselves, by thinking or reading, for a share in the conversation. Thus an item in the morning paper may suggest an inquiry about Bismarck, or Gladstone, or Parnell, or Henry M. Stanley; and the father will say, "Now let us have that man before us for our talk to-morrow at dinner. Find out all you can about him, and we will help one another to a fuller knowledge of him." In this way the children are being trained to an ever broadening interest in men and things in the world's affairs and to methods of thought and study in their search for knowledge.

There are fathers whose table-talk is chiefly in complaint of the family cooking, or in criticism of the mother's method of managing the household. There are mothers who are more given to asking where on earth their children learned to talk and act as they do, than to inquiring in what part of the earth the most important archæological discoveries are just now in progress. And there are still more fathers and mothers whose table-talk is wholly between themselves, except as they turn aside, occasionally, to say sharply to their little ones, "Why don't you keep still, children, while your father and mother are talking?" All this table-talk has its influence on the children. It leads them to have less respect for their parents, and less interest in the home table except as a place of satisfying their natural hunger. It is potent, even though it be not profitable.

Table-talk ought to be such, in every family, as to make the hour of home mealtime one of the most attractive as well as one of the most beneficial hours of the day to all the children. But in order to make table-talk valuable, parents must have something to talk about at the table, must be willing to talk about it there, and must have the children lovingly in mind as they do their table-talking. —*Sunday-School Times.*

NERVOUS TERRORS.

The nerves are especially sensitive in childhood, and the Christian mother, knowing this, is most careful that no nervous terrors should be instilled into her children. More lives than we know of have been darkened by nervous fears that had their origin in early childhood. Gloomy or fantastic superstitions, tales of sensational terror, repulsive descriptions of death and disease, all these things are often spoken of before children, sometimes in mysterious whispers, sometimes aloud, with the appended remark, "The little ones are not listening, and won't understand." But they do listen, and do understand, nevertheless; the agonies of generally concealed fear are often the consequence, and seeds are sown that will bring forth most probably a crop of deranged nerves in after years. From all such mental suffering the Christian mother guards carefully her children; no ghosts or sprites come gliding to their bedside at midnight, they have been taught by their mother that God's holy angels are watching over them whether they sleep or wake, and they rest secure amid silence and darkness. For them death itself has no terror, for their mother has told them that the dear friend or relation who has left them never to return to them again in this world, is gone to be forever with the same Lord who took little children in His arms. Fear to them is an unnatural thing, for they have always with them the feeling which their mother has breathed into them, that their loving, heavenly Father is looking down upon and taking care of them. It is not too much to say that, under God, many a man and woman's reason in times of severe trial or distracting trouble has been saved by the depths of calm religious faith which a Christian mother gave in early childhood as she strove to preserve her little ones from nervous, shadowy, unsubstantial terrors such as haunt too often their youthful age.—*Churchman.*

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

A simple—non-animalized diet, without the high seasonings, mixtures, condiments, stimulating drinks, made dishes, sweets, pastries, puddings, etc., would do a thousand fold more to improve the beauty of women than all the beautifiers that flood the market for that purpose.

The use of tea and coffee is destructive to the complexion, firmness of the facial muscles, and brightness of the expression; and a continued use of these drinks is sure to register their deleterious effect on the nervous system. The loss of sight, and insomnia in its worst form, have been traced directly to their consumption. The theine or caffeine, which is the same principle in both tea and coffee, can be concentrated so that one drop will kill a rabbit in a few minutes.—*Dress.*

RECIPES.

PRETTY LITTLE SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, which come in all colors and at low prices, make very artistic lamp-shades over the white porcelain shade. Red, pink, or yellow are the favorite colors, on account of the soft light they give. Lay the handkerchief flat on the table and with a pencil mark a circle the size of the globe top. Then cut out the centre and hem it neatly around with silk of the same shade, and sew a frill of soft lace inside so that it falls over the top, and another around the bottom. They may be further ornamented with an embroidered design or a bow of ribbon, if desired.—*Detroit Tribune.*

A PARLOR LAMP SHADE.—To make this lamp shade one must acquire from some old-fashioned person the mode of making pointed tape-trimming. For the shade the points are made of satin ribbon rather less than an inch wide. Five or six rows of the pointed trimming will be required, and they may each be of a different shade of the same color. The lower one may, for instance, be of very dark purple, the next lighter, and so on till the palest violet is reached at the top, where an elastic is run in on the wrong side to fit the shade to the porcelain one beneath. Some of these shades have a leaf or bud falling in every diamond shaped opening between the points, but the prettiest are arranged over a fully gathered strip of crape, matching one shade of the ribbons. This softens the ray of light and breaks the harsh effects of the bare spaces. The crape should be enough deeper than the shade to allow three inches of it to fall below for a ruffle, which may be hemmed or pinked.

PUZZLES—NO. 4.

PI.

A thites ni item vases inen.
MINETTA V. CRANDALL.

HIDDEN PROVERB.

My 11, 2, 4, 6 is to couple together,
My 7, 3, 13, 9 is a number,
My 5, 8, 16, is a species of serpent,
My 1, 12, 17, is to cut,
My 10, 15, 14 is a fish. JENNIE K. BARR.

BIBLE QUESTION.

Where do we read of a little city besieged by a great king and delivered by a poor wise man?
HANNAH E. GREENE.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A small particle. 2. A narration. 3. A girl's name. 4. To intend. JENNIE K. BARR.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 3.

ENIGMA.—"Seek ye my face."—Psalms 27, 8.

CHARADES No 1.—Fire-Fly. No. 2. Ten-pot.

GOSPEL ENIGMA.—"Blessed are the meek."—Matt. 5:5.

The Family Circle.

THE PIGEON AND THE OWL.

There once was a Pigeon, as I have heard say,
Who wished to be wise;
She thought to herself, "I will go to the Owl,
Perhaps he'll advise;
And if all he tells me I carefully do
I'll surely get wisdom." Away then she flew.

When little Miss Pigeon arrived at the barn
She found the Owl there,
Most humbly she cooed out her wish; but the Owl
Did nothing but stare.
"Well, well!" thought Miss Pigeon, "of course
I can wait;
I won't interrupt him; his wisdom is great."

She waited and waited. At last the Owl blinked
And deigned a remark;
"You'll never be wise, foolish Pigeon, unless
You stay in the dark,
And stretch your small eyes, and fly out in the
night,
And cry 'Hoo-hoo-hoo!' with all your might."

So little Miss Pigeon to practise began;
But all she could do
Her eyes would not stretch, and her voice would
not change
Its soft, gentle coo;
And she caught a sad cold from the night's damp
and chill,
And, lacking the sunshine besides, she fell ill.

Then little Miss Pigeon gave up being wise:
"For plainly," said she,
"Though owls are the wisest of birds, theirs is
not
The wisdom for me;
So I'll be the very best Pigeon I can."
And what do you think? She grew wise on that
plan!

—*Wide Awake.*

THE LIFE OF HATTIE BRANT.

From Readings for the Girls' Friendly Society.

BY SUSAN FENIMORE COOPER.

Hattie Brant lived in a small town on the Hudson River. Her father and mother were worthy people, much respected by their neighbors. Both were communicants of the parish of Trinity church, to which they belonged, although the husband, who was a very hard-working man, did not always attend the services as regularly as he might have done.

Hattie's mother went to church pretty regularly, although she was a very hard-working woman; she had some excellent qualities, but some foolish notions also. Hattie was her eldest child; she had only one younger, a boy, having lost several others while infants. It was really wonderful how much work Mrs. Brant could do in twenty-four hours; up very early in the morning to get breakfast for her husband, and often still at work washing or ironing or mending when the town clock struck twelve at night.

Hattie was very different from her father and mother. She was entirely ornamental; and very ornamental indeed she considered herself. She was rather good looking, but thought herself a beauty. She had a fine head of light curly hair, and made a great show of it. Hattie commenced school life when five years old, beginning her studies in the primary department of a graded school in the town. From that time until she was fifteen Hattie's thoughts and time were entirely engrossed by school, dress, and beaux, the dress and beaux filling a space in the school education also. Her flirtations began when she was about seven, and were carried on vigorously from that date.

As for real home education, Hattie received very little indeed. Most of the notions she gathered from her mother, to state them frankly, might be condensed into incessant lessons as to a showy appearance, a ridiculously high opinion as to her claims upon the world at large, and an unceasing strain after a grand position of one kind or another. It pains me to write this, but, my dear young friends, I am telling you only what I know to be true.

The Brant family were very well known to me, and it was a constant source of surprise and regret to me that so worthy a woman should make such mistakes in the education of her daughter.

Hattie had an aunt, a sister of her mother, who lived on a fine farm about six miles from the town. She was a good woman and had much more common sense than had Mrs. Brant. She was fond of Hattie and much interested in her.

Mrs. Strong had brought up her own three children very well. They were all respectably married and settled near her. She was older than Mrs. Brant, and a widow. Her eldest son worked the farm. He was a young married man, and his wife, who had a small baby, was not in good health. Mrs. Strong wished Hattie to come and help her with the housework for the summer months, promising her very good wages. She called one Saturday to speak to Mrs. Brant and Hattie on the subject.

"You know our farm is a nice place in summer, Hattie, and we will make things pleasant for you while you are with us. The work will not be heavy."

Hattie turned up her nose!

"I haven't brought up Hattie to work," said Mrs. Brant.

"I know that, sister; but don't you think it is time she learned to work?"

"I've no time for anything but my studies," exclaimed Hattie. "You don't know how many lessons I have to learn, Aunt Jane. Why there's mathematics, and grammar, and geography, and astronomy, and civil government, and chemistry, and physiology, and French, and German, and Latin, and—"

Mrs. Strong put her hands up to her ears, laughing: "Stop, Hattie; that's enough learning for an old body like me! But don't you think you could come in vacation time? The country air would do you good; you look paler than you used to do."

"But I have got my music to practise in vacation—singing, and the piano, and the banjo; and ma wants me to learn the violin."

"Squire White's girl opposite is learning the violin, so I thought Hattie might learn it," said Mrs. Brant.

"But Hattie don't really care for music, sister. She says so herself."

"No; she don't care for it very much. But music is fashionable."

"Well, if she comes to the farm she can sing all day long. And she can bring the banjo with her if she wants to; you know I've offered her the best of wages, and the work isn't heavy. She would only have to help me in the kitchen. Housework is healthy work."

"I'll never work in anybody's kitchen, not even my mother's!" exclaimed Hattie, with a toss of her head.

Mrs. Strong was pained and shocked to hear her niece using language so desperately silly and unreasonable; but she happened to have heard very much the same words from several other young girls not long before.* Coming from her own niece this language distressed her more than ever.

"What do you intend to do, then? You will have to do some kind of work unless you expect to live all your life on your father's wages as teamster or what your mother earns by washing. Do you mean to learn fine washing?"

"I never washed a rag in my life, and I never will!" This was another speech heard from several of Hattie's schoolmates.*

"What do you expect to do then?"

"I'm going to be a saleslady, in Albany!"

And this plan was carried out soon after Hattie was sixteen. Her wages as saleslady were less than what her aunt had offered her for her housework. The confinement was very close. She was compelled to stand behind a counter all day, and she was obliged to spend all her earnings on her board. Her clothes were sent home to be washed by her mother, and she frequently wrote to her parents for money to buy new dresses. Her mother was an excellent laundress and earned a good deal of money in the course of a year, but a large portion was spent on Hattie. The family were often in debt for rent, food, and fuel and frequently Mrs. Brant had borrowed money to spend on Hattie, her music, and her finery.

*Fact.

Now, my young friends, perhaps you think Hattie was born with a particularly bad heart; that she was much worse than other girls, as she showed herself so selfish and thoughtless about her parents. Not at all. Hattie had naturally rather an affectionate disposition and a pleasant temper. She had been a Sunday-school scholar all her life. At fifteen she was confirmed and became a communicant. She knew what was right as regards truthfulness, honesty, and a moral life. She meant to do what was right; she actually thought she was doing right. She considered herself a good girl. Her mother had often told her she must do all she could to better herself; to better herself, in Hattie's opinion, meant to make a show in the world. In fact, poor Hattie was suffering from a dreadful disease, a sort of blindness which prevented her from seeing things in their true light. She was stuffed full of pride. She had pride on the brain. She had pride in the heart. Her tongue was swollen with pride. She knew nothing of the blessings of a pure humility. She seemed never to have had a really humble thought in her life. And she knew nothing of self-denial. Self-indulgence was Hattie's rule.

She wrote home brilliant accounts of her life as saleslady. On certain evenings, when it was her turn for an outing, she went to the theatre or to the public dance. She had a succession of beaux. Her only regret was that she could not spend more money on her dresses. After she had been a year in Albany her parents wished her to go home for a visit. But Hattie never cared much for her home. The plain kind of house her parents rented, and the plain kind of work by which her father and mother earned their living disgusted her. She was ashamed of the hard-working parents who had been so generous to her. She would not go home.

When Hattie was rather more than seventeen she wrote to her mother that she was married! She said she had been married on Thanksgiving Day. She wrote that her husband, Orlando Jones, was very handsome, very genteel, well off, had an excellent situation, a large salary; that he kept a horse and buggy in which he took her out every Sunday, and that they were now living at a boarding-house, "where we have everything in style." Orlando went to his business every day, and she was still saleslady, but expected to make a change soon, as Orlando did not like that kind of life for her.

Mr. and Mrs. Brant were startled by this letter. They thought Hattie ought to have consulted them before she actually married. But when did Hattie ever consult her parents? She had scarcely given the Fifth Commandment a serious thought in all her life.

Hattie's letters grew shorter. But her mother always made excuses for her. Her father, however, wrote some questions which he desired her to answer. What was her husband's work? What was his salary? How much did they pay for their board? An indignant answer came very soon; she was displeased by these inquiries. Orlando was agent for a large manufacturing company; his salary was $2,000 a year; he paid eighteen dollars a week for their board. This was a good deal, but they had "everything in style." She was very happy. Orlando took her to the theatre very often; Hattie had a passion for the theatre. Her only trouble was that Orlando, being the most trusted agent of the firm, was obliged to make business journeys quite often. He had been away twice in the three months of their marriage, and would be obliged to go off again in a few days.

From this last journey Orlando did not return for four months. And when he came to Albany again it was with handcuffs on his wrists, and in charge of the sheriff! Poor Hattie! Of all her many follies her marriage was the greatest. In fact, it was no marriage at all. Her Orlando had already two other wives in different parts of the country! The young man was a great scoundrel. He came to Albany a stranger, with some money in his pocket, earned by crime, and with the object of making more as a gambler. His occupations in life thus far had been various; he had been a bartender, a gambler, a horse thief, and a burglar. He had already served a short term in a state prison in Missouri, and his photograph was in the rogues' gallery at St. Louis. But having dyed his light hair and beard a rich black, he had not yet been recognized in New York. He was connected with a gang of the very worst kind of men, but his showy appearance, studs, rings, watchchain, and boastful talk had completely blinded Hattie. His aim in passing Hattie off as his wife was to put on a respectable appearance as a married man for a while, as a blind to several criminal plots. The crime for which he was brought back to Albany was a heavy burglary in the same large establishment where Hattie worked as saleslady, and included also the death by manslaughter, of a private watchman. Sad to relate, poor Hattie was suspected of being an accomplice in the crime. She was, in fact, perfectly innocent of anything beyond extreme folly, but she was considered his wife, known to have been employed in the warehouse which had been robbed, and a trunk containing some of the stolen goods was found in her room. She was taken to gaol where she nearly died of horror and grief.

Her unhappy parents saw the report of the burglary in the papers. Orlando Jones and his wife were said to be the guilty ones. The wretched father and mother set out for Albany at once, and found their daughter in gaol. But they were at least soon relieved on the important point of Hattie's innocence of the crime. She convinced them that she was in utter ignorance of the contents of the trunk which held the stolen goods, and which "her husband" as she still called him, had brought to their room. It contained laces; and she was saleslady with several older ones in the lace department. But she had never even seen the contents of the trunk. The young man had told her it contained papers belonging to his firm. The fact of Hattie's innocence of the crime was a great relief to her parents, who were both thoroughly honest people. The very day they passed in gaol with Hattie there appeared an article in one of the papers giving an account of the criminal career of "Orlando Jones"—that was but one of a half-dozen names he had taken. Among other facts it appeared he had "married" another wife in Vermont a month after he had "married" Hattie.

Why will young girls in our country keep up flirtations with young men who are entire strangers to them so far as their previous careers are concerned?

Why will fathers and mothers weakly allow young men who are quite unknown to them to visit at their houses and to become familiar with their daughters? Our country is a large one; it is easy for a rogue in Kansas to pass himself off for an honest man on the Hudson. Poor Hattie!

Her father went home and raised money on his team and waggon to pay a lawyer to defend her in court—the team and waggon she had so despised. Her mother stayed in Albany to be near her, and took in fine washing to pay her own board and to purchase some comforts for Hattie. Her aunt Jane also sent money from the farm where the young girl had disdained to work.

The trial did not come off so soon as was expected. There were other cases to come first. Hattie pined away. Her child was born dead in gaol!

The young man, when tried, was found guilty of such very serious crimes that he was sentenced to the state prison at Dannemora for five-and-twenty years.

Hattie was, however, clearly proved to have been entirely ignorant of the burglary. The poor father and mother sat near her during the trial. "Not guilty," was the decided verdict of the jury. The next day her poor parents took her tenderly back to the home she had so despised. She never really rallied in health, but pined away and only lived a year. But a great change came over her as she sat propped up in her rocking chair. Her aunt Jane was with her often, and the clergyman of the parish, an old and experienced man, read to her, talked to her, prayed with her. She became truly penitent.

"If I could only live my life over again it would be very different! I'd be a good daughter to you, father and mother." She said this many times, with tears.

Once she said to a young cousin,

"Nelly, be sure you don't live for show and pride! Live what our good pastor calls a 'worthy life.'

"Live a real Christian life."

SCIENTIFIC TEMPERANCE.

AN INTERVIEW WITH DR. BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON.

Deservedly famous as a logical advocate of Scientific Temperance and a genial preacher of the laws of health, there is yet, says a representative of *Cassell's Magazine* recounting a pleasant interview with him, nothing of the ascetic about Dr. Richardson. As one sees him at home, the thought rises in the mind: Here is a man who thoroughly enjoys life, in a healthy, rational, and wholesome manner—enjoys it, aye, even to the very finger-tips.

He is a busy man. "You must excuse me for being occupied while we talk," he says. "I have to lecture to-night, and I am just looking through some of the diagrams." And over and anon a call-pipe warns him that a patient or a visitor wishes to see him. We are conversing in his *study*, a room walled with books.

"That," said he, touching one small book with pardonable love and pride, "that has had an enormous circulation—nearly three hundred thousand; it has sold wonderfully in America; it has been translated into Dutch, and, curiously, it is the only book allowed in the Dutch prisons except the Bible." This unique little volume is "The Temperance Lesson Book."

Though a hard worker, Dr. Richardson believes in recreation. He enjoys the refined pleasures of literature and the fine arts, and quite agrees with Professor Huxley in holding a high opinion of a good novel, though books of biography are his favorites. Cycling is his principal outdoor amusement.

"Yes; I can do my thirty-four miles a day with ease," he says, "though I am not a young man" (he was born in 1828); "and could do double that distance if necessary."

Opening out of the study is a little back room for "minute researches." Here is a magnificent microscope, presented to him in 1868 by over 600 medical men. From the walls look down the faces of old friends, Graham, Forbes, Faraday, Owen; while in the large dining-room on the other side of the hall, with windows looking on to Manchester Square, is a fine bust of George Cruickshank, of whom Dr. Richardson was a great friend, and an upright statue of terra cotta by Birch, of Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood.

"Well, now," said he, "you want me to tell you how I came to take up my position on the temperance question. In 1863, and for a year or two before, I had been making some original researches into the properties of a rare chemical substance named Nitrite of Amyl. At that time I lectured on Physiology at the College of Dentistry, and Mr. Morrison of Edinburgh, who was a member of the Council, brought this Nitrite of Amyl to the College, and it was handed to me to experiment upon. The late Professor Guthrie had shown it to Morrison, telling him that, in distilling it, it caused flushing of the face. I soon discovered that it had an extraordinary effect upon the circulation, that it quickly made the face a bright red, owing to the rapid filling of the blood-vessels, and that it speedily sent up the beats of the heart.

"Well, I read a paper on the subject at Newcastle in 1863; it was considered of great interest, and I brought it up next year. Then I went on to inquire into the Methyl series, and so step by step continued, reporting every year until, in 1866, I began with the Alcohols. It was at one time supposed there was only one of these, but there are now known to be several. Now, the first great fact that startled me when examining into the Alcohols was that they unquestionably lowered the temperature of the body. I did not then know that any one else had noticed this before me; but I know now that two or three others—Dr. John Davy (brother of Sir Humphrey), Dr. Rae, the Arctic explorer, and Dr. Lees, of Leeds, had all severally suspected this fact; but they had not proved it by experimental research.

"I announced this at Birmingham in 1866. There was a good deal of exception taken to it, and I deferred publishing my address in order to make further inquiries.

"Everything confirmed my previous statements. After a temporary flush on the surface of the body, due to the action of the alcohol on the blood-vessels, there is a reduction of temperature, which reaches its maximum at a period of complete intoxication."

"Then how is it, doctor, people say alcohol warms them?"

"Because they feel the action on the surface," was the prompt reply.

"It is just like putting your hand before the fire," continued he, placing his hand momentarily before his bright stove. "You get heat on the surface, and feel it. And there is another illustration I have often used; it is like putting your hand into snow, your fingers are numbed, but in the reaction which takes place, the blood is driven to the surface, and you get the sensation of heat.

"Well, then, that was the first step—the startling fact that alcohol lowers temperature. Now for the second. This came from the study of anæsthetics. From the time of their introduction in 1846 I had been much interested in them. I remember as 'twere but yesterday sitting with fellow students in the anatomical

theatre of Anderson's College, Glasgow, waiting for our professor, Dr. Moses Buchanan. He was delayed, and when at length he appeared he was so moved by the news he had heard that he could scarcely deliver it; viz., news which had come from America that surgical operations could be performed without pain by inhaling the vapor of ether, and that the experiment was about to be performed that day at the Royal Infirmary! Little more was thought of then. The students trooped in a body to witness the sight.

"Soon afterwards I began to make an inhaler, which gained me the friendship of the late Dr. John Snow, one of the earliest and most skilful administrators. Here is an inhaler made in 1849" (fetching one from a drawer in the clinical room) "for the better inhalation of ether. Then I began to test other agents for anæsthesia, and altogether I have introduced fourteen anæsthetic substances, one of which, methylene, has been, and still is, largely used. I am now on research for another which I hope will be best of them all.

"In watching the action of alcohol, I found there were just the same four degrees or stages as in the action of anæsthetics; viz., simple excitement without insensibility; excitement with commencing insensibility; insensibility absolute; and, lastly, death-like insensibility. I came, therefore, to the conclusion that alcohol does not act after the manner of a food, but of a chemical substance like an anæsthetic. This then was the second step.

"This was followed up by tracing the changes and the modifications which take place in the body from the continued use of alcohol. I was always a close student of the Registrar-General's Returns, and I was struck by the enormous mortality of persons dealing in alcohol; a tenth part of the deaths are due to its use. This is now a well-sustained fact. I connected it with the changes of organs of the body induced by alcohol, and extended the research by tracing the action of all the manageable alcohols, besides the common one, with particular reference to the effects of solubility and weight; and I concluded that fatal diseases could be definitely induced by alcohol—slow as well as acute poisoning could arise from it, with degeneration and complete change of the structure of the heart, the liver, the lungs, and other internal organs.

"We have now, then, reached the third step, or third conclusion: viz., that alcohol is a prolific cause of death, and of great harm to the internal organs of the body; it is, in fact, in its ordinary use, a slow poison."

Interrupting the thread of the narrative a moment, we suggested the question—

"What is the alcohol in common use?"

"The Ethylic. This is the alcohol invariably found in intoxicating drinks. It would be called common alcohol, and as it is more pleasant to the taste than any of the others its action is more insidious.

'A very singular series of circumstances," continued Dr. Richardson, "seem to have led me to my position. Thus, for fourteen years I was physician to the Hospital for the Diseases of the Chest, and from observations there I had come quite independently to the view that there was a small class of consumptives of middle age whose disease is due to alcohol. I called it Alcoholic Phthisis, or the Consumption of Drunkards."

All these things brought together led Dr. Richardson to deliver his first lecture to medical men on the subject. It dealt with the Physical Action of Alcohol, and was delivered in London on December 7th, 1869. Referring to a MS. volume, he read the following passage from it, which he said had caused much controversy:—

"'Speaking honestly, I cannot by the arguments yet presented to me admit the alcohols through any gate that might distinguish them apart from other chemical bodies. I can no more accept them as foods than I can chloroform, or ether, or methyl. That they produce a temporary excitement is true; but as their general action is quickly to reduce animal heat, I cannot see how they can supply animal force. I see clearly how they reduce animal power, and can show a reason for using them in order to stop physical pain or to stupefy mental pain; but that they give strength—*i.e.*, that they supply material for construction of fine tissue, or throw force into tissues supplied by other material—must be an error as solemn as it is widespread. The true character of the alcohols is that they are agreeable temporary shrouds. The savage, with the mansions of his soul unfurnished, buries his restless energy under their shadow. The civilized man, overburdened with mental labor or with engrossing care, seeks the same shade; but it is a shade, after all, in which, in exact proportion as he seeks it, the seeker retires from perfect natural life. To resort for force to alcohol is, in my mind, equivalent to the act of searching for the sun in subterranean gloom until all is night.'

"That gives my argument in a nutshell, and every day I live I am more convinced of its truth.

"Now came the struggle, whether I should continue a 'moderate' drinker or whether I should declare myself. And I determined to declare myself, and give up the use of alcoholic drinks altogether. I found I worked better for the determination and was every way healthier, and have never seen any reason to regret it, either in myself or others.

"You must understand, I did not at first give up prescribing alcohol in my practice. But then I found I never knew what I was giving, so I prescribed it pure, mixed with water in proper proportions, just like any other drug. Commonly it is called pure spirits of wine. Then I knew exactly what it did when prescribed. But I gradually began to give it up, even in that form, and now I scarcely ever prescribe it."

"What would you recommend as a substitute."

"I don't believe in substitutes," was the doctor's prompt reply. "They deceive, morally and physically. For faintness I always prescribe a recumbent position, fresh air, cold water to the temples, and for a drink, hot milk and water or beef tea. It is fifteen years since I became an abstainer, and I have never seen an injury or failing of any kind from the adoption of Total Abstinence. I have never gone in for what may be called the enthusiasm of the matter; I take my stand on physical principles.

"On the whole, I think public opinion is coming round to our view. Everything is being given up but 'moderation;' on that point I think people are still deceived. They consider they are practising moderation; they are really producing disease insidiously."

The statistics of the Inland Revenue Returns show that the consumption of alcoholic liquors is steadily declining. And without in the least degree disparaging the noble work of many other men and women in the Temperance Cause, yet one of the most potent influences in that decline of the drink traffic has been the Scientific Temperance so logically wrought out and so persistently advocated by that genial man of science in Manchester square.

THE BOY FOR ME.

His cap is old, but his hair is gold,
And his face is as clear as the sky;
And whoever he meets, on lanes or streets,
He looks them straight in the eye
With a fearless pride that has naught to hide,
Though he bows like a little knight,
Quite debonair, to a lady fair,
With a smile that is swift as light.

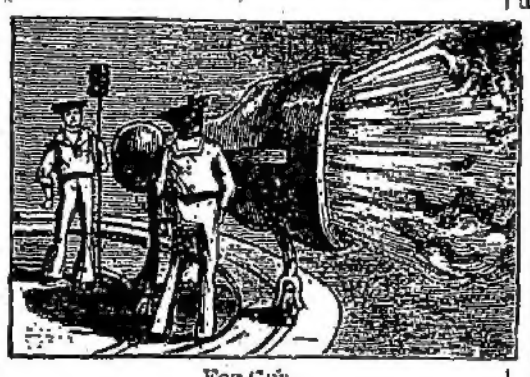
Does his mother call? Not a kite or ball,
Or the prettiest game can stay
His eager feet as he hastens to greet
Whatever she means to say.
And the teachers depend on the little friend
At school in his place at nine,
With his lessons learned and his good marks earned,
All ready to toe the line.

I wonder if you have seen him, too,
This boy, who is not too big
For a morning kiss from mother and sis,
Who isn't a bit of a prig,
But gentle and strong, and the whole day long,
As happy as happy can be,
A gentleman, dears, in the coming years
And at present the boy for me.

—*Unidentified.*

SENTINELS OF THE DEEP.

Guns are used in some places on shore as fog-signals, and we give an illustration of an experimental gun tried at Woolwich Arsenal, the chief recommendation of



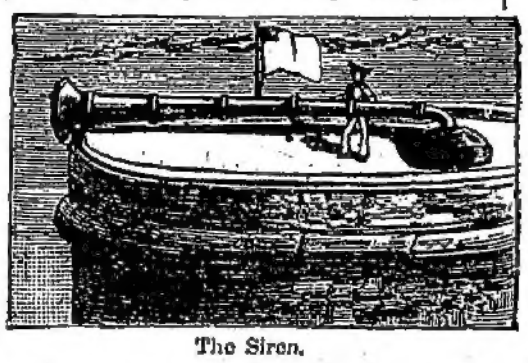
Fog Gun.

which was that it could be loaded at the breech, and it thus economized greatly the labor of the men in charge of it. With the ordinary gun, it is found that once in ten minutes is as often as it can be discharged with two men to work it. Gun-cotton, and not gunpowder, is used; the former giving a much shaper sound, which penetrates a great deal farther through the thick fog.

At most stations, however, the gun is giving way to signal rockets, which rise high above the fog before they explode with the bang which is their great object. The fog seldom rises very high above the water, and it is found that a sound made above it travels for a much greater distance than if it were made nearer the sea level.

The most powerful fog-signal, by far, is that furnished by the Siren—so called, no doubt, half in joke, for the Sirens of old are fabled to have lured seamen to destruction by their sweet music; whereas, the modern Siren does exactly the reverse, and no one in his senses would think of calling its music sweet. Indeed, people living within the sound of its terrible groans have complained sorely, until they knew the useful purpose the Siren was serving.

Some of these horns are twenty feet in length; and, worked by steam or compressed air, they utter nearly thirty thou-



The Siren.

sand grunts every minute! before which the roar of the storm sinks into insignificance.

Then there are buoys which give out sounds constantly by day and night, and at all times, foggy or otherwise. Some of these have a large bell weighing some three hundredweight, against which four balls, hanging to chains, are constantly clattering, as the buoy is swung about by the waves. These buoys are used where the navigation is more than commonly intricate and dangerous; or perhaps, their position is over some sharp pointed rock, standing by itself and hidden from view by the waves.

Bell Buoy.

Another kind of sound-buoy has a powerful whistle, like that upon the ordinary railway engine, only with the difference that it is worked by water and air instead of steam. The range of its voice is about seven miles, and it appears likely erelong to oust the bell-buoy altogether from the place it has long held.

Sometimes the position of a hidden danger is such that neither the ordinary lighthouse, the lightship, nor the buoy, can be placed to give notice of it. Still, it must be guarded somehow, and then the engineer raises his lighthouse on long spidery legs, which offer little or no resistance to the waves. Several of these lighthouses stand up out of the mud at the mouth of the Thames, some of them having weathered the storms for forty years and more.

In other places, iron, stone, or even wooden beacons have been set up, every one differing in shape, so that the pilot knows at once exactly where he is when he sees it.

Attempts have been made to light these beacons, with very indifferent success, except in the case of one erected at Arnish, in the north of Scotland. Here the beacon, at the suggestion of Robert Stevenson, the builder of the Bell Rock lighthouse has been supplied with a prism of glass, and a ray of light being directed thereon from the neighboring lighthouse, the beacon really appears to have a light within it. In fact it was a long time after it was set up before the fishermen could be led to believe that such was not the case.

So that one sees there are many plans besides the lighthouse for giving warning of dangerous places. Long before any system of lighting the English coasts had been dreamt of, the good Abbot of Aberbrothwick had placed a bell upon the Inchcape or Bell Rock as a danger signal. And, according to Southey's poem, the pirate who, out of sheer wickedness, removed the bell, was himself wrecked upon that very rock soon after.

Lighthouse in a Storm.

It was of the lighthouse which has been built upon this rock that Sir Walter Scott wrote his well-known lines, so appropriately descriptive:

'Far in the bosom of the deep,
O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep,
A ruddy gem of changeful light,
Bound on the dusky brow of Night.
The seaman bids my lustre hail,
And scorns to strike his timorous sail.'

Besides all this care in guarding against the dangers of the deep, notice is given by the Meteorogical Department at stations all around the coast of coming storms. Thus the hoisting of a drum and an inverted cone mean: "A storm is coming from the north; but if the cone is right end up, it means from the south; and foolish would be the fisherman or the mariner who disregarded the caution. At night the cone is replaced by a triangle with a light at each corner; and any one is at liberty to look at the telegram, sent out by the Meteorogical Office to all the storm-stations around the coasts, and which states definitely the kind of weather which may be expected.

Our space is exhausted, and we have not mentioned half the interesting matters connected with the lighting of our coasts, and the brave and hardy fellows who man the lighthouses and the lightships; but, at any rate, we hope that when next you take a trip by sea on any of our great rivers, the journey will be made all the more interesting to you by what we have told you with pen and pencil about the "Sentinels of the Deep."—*English Paper.*

A MISTAKEN MILLIONNAIRE.

A very rich business man of Boston told an interviewer the other day how he began his business life on one dollar a week, and how he advanced from that point to his present position by being temperate, industrious and honest. He ended by saying "Any young man can do as well as I have done, if he only will."

Young men know that this is not true. Tens of thousands of young men, during the forty years of that merchant's successful career, have been as virtuous as he, without making much headway in business. They have been punctual, diligent, faithful, and well-skilled in their vocation; but there they are, about where they were years ago, working hard for moderate compensation, and seeing no prospect of much change.

It is not possible for many men to found great stores and make great fortunes in them, for the simple reason that the largest city does not furnish business enough for many such. These prizes fall to the lot of few individuals in each trade who combine in themselves great talent for business with great tenacity of purpose. They passionately want to succeed, and they know how.

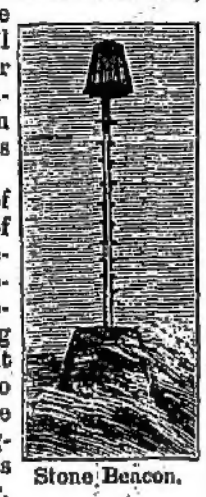
Whistle Buoy.

If our merchant had said that young men could do much better than he had done, he would have come nearer the truth. In most of our great and famous places of business there are clerks who have done a great deal better than their employers. We saw one the other day, a young man of twenty-nine, salary six hundred and fifty dollars a year, whose father died ten years ago, leaving a wife and four children with little provision. This clerk was the eldest boy; he accepted the sacred duty which devolved upon him with cheerful courage. He has carried it gaily along ever since, and has won in it a really brilliant success—happy himself, and a cause of happiness to those dearest to him.

There are men whose natural vocation it is to control millions of dollars, and own a tedious superfluity of other things. Happily, most of us are spared this great trouble, and have a chance to discover how little is required for a truly successful and joyous existence.—*Youth's Companion.*

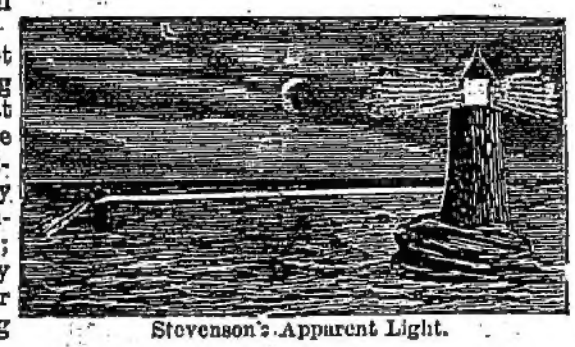
STANLEY.

Intense interest is felt by people of all civilized and Christian countries in the wonderful journey made by that intrepid explorer, Henry M. Stanley, in rescuing and bringing to the African shore of the Indian Ocean, that other remarkable man, Emin Pasha, of whose admirable work, we will make mention at another time. Of the man, Stanley, the "Tribune," in an excellent editorial, says among other things:



Stone Beacon.

"Strongest, perhaps, of all the characteristics of the man which are revealed in this thrilling recital, is his constant, reverent and dominating faith in God. This trait which was possessed to such a degree by those kindred spirits, Livingstone and Gordon, was long ago developed in Mr. Stanley, and his successive adventures have only deepened and confirmed it. A psychologist might find much food for speculation in this—in the effect upon the soul of wanderings through vast solitudes and of communion with nature in her most luxuriant, her most desolate and her most savage moods. But fine-spun theories aside, here is the significant fact, that the most heroic of living men is also one of the most devout. He sees nothing unmanly in being religious. He is not ashamed to say that he believes in God and trusts in Him for guidance. He repudiates what the vulgar call luck and the unbelievers chance. To him the wisdom and the monitions of a Supreme Power are a tremedous verity. It is with the frankness of a most inspiring



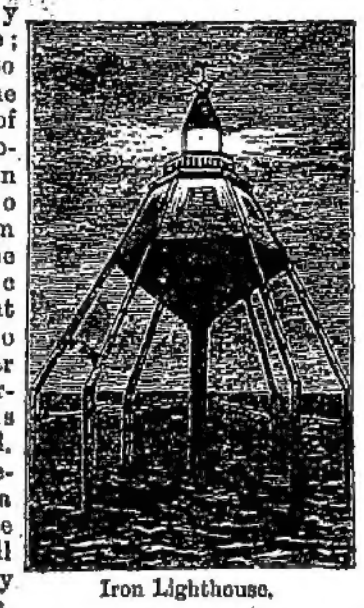
Stevenson's Apparent Light.

faith that he concludes his self-told Odyssey with the fervent cry, "Thanks be to God forever and ever!" And to this every one who appreciates high achievement and exalted manhood will add his thanks for the life and ennobling example of Henry M. Stanley."

HOW TO STUDY BIRDS.

Mere theoretical knowledge is nowhere more unsatisfying than in connection with birds. Of what real interest is it to a child to know to what family the skylark belongs if he has never heard that wonderful song? How can a city child appreciate so well the wonderful instinct of a carrier-pigeon as by having the teacher bring into the school, from its home in the suburbs, a genuine pigeon, with its soft white feathers and wonderful wings, to be liberated during the morning with the little note tied round its leg? When they learn that he flew the five miles in five minutes they begin to know what a carrier-pigeon is. The *Journal of Education* rightly estimates the value of real bird-study, we think:

"To know the name of a bird is of comparatively little value; to know to what class he belongs is of no great moment; in short, to know him from the scientific standpoint amounts to little so far as the average child is concerned. If he becomes a specialist he will learn all this quickly in later life.



Iron Lighthouse.

But to love birds, and to form habits of observation sufficient to watch carefully every bird, is worth as much as any branch of study. No training of the ear is better than that which comes from listening to the songs of birds; no training in color knowledge is better than discrimination of their hues and tints; no better form study than appreciation of their shape; no better discipline in the study of motion than in the study of their hopping, pecking, and flying."

SECRETS.

BY EMMA C. DOWD.

Where is the dearest place to lie?
The very best place to laugh or cry?
In the whole wide world, from east to west,
The safest, warmest, coziest nest?
Only the babies know—
The glad, glad babies know!

What is most precious to have and to hold?
Worth more than its weight in rubies or gold?
The fairest, purest, loveliest thing
That earth can give and Heaven can bring?
Only the mothers know—
The glad, glad mothers know!

—*Harper's Young People.*

A CURE FOR THE HEARTACHE.

BY WALTER MITCHELL.

Little dirl! I don't fink 'oo looks happy; what's matter? I s'oudent suspose
That a dirl big as 'oo would be naughty: perhaps you has tored your new c'oes,
Slapped your kitty, or waked up the baby, before he had finished his nap,
Or spilted the milk that you carry, or stopped on your nurse's best cap.

Such fings, I don't 'member and do them, sometimes when I've been real bad;
Oo must have done sumfin' kite awful, 'oo'r face is a looking so sad—
Now I'll tell 'oo, Jane Hannah Maria, for I spect, my dear child, that's your name,
Then when people's looks sorry like 'oo do, its just coz yourself is to blame.

Now perhaps you ain't got no dear mother, nor sister Serena like me,
Nobody to go to and 'fess to, when she takes you right up on her knee—
So 'oo'd better tell me all about it, and hear me say how I am grieved
And to fink that my daughter s'oud 'have so, I could'nt at all have believed.

Then we'll cry, and I'll kiss 'oo and say never mind my own pechus delight,
And 'oo'll try not to wander again from the ways what is duties and right.
An' 'oo'll promise me, soldemn, that never, you'll do so again, and I'm sure
You'll feel better direc'ly, for this is my mother's unfallible cure.

—*Selected.*

THAT WRECK ON THE ROCKS.

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

"O mother! Quick, quick! A rocket! Come to the eastern window! Mother! Jamie!"

There was just two other occupants of the house when this loud, abrupt summons was given, the Widow Halfrey and her crippled son, Jamie, and both hastened from their apartments into the little bedroom with its eastern window, as fast as love and crutches could carry them.

"Mother," said Alice Halfrey, a fair young woman of twenty, "I happened to be lying awake in my bed, and it set me to trembling to see a rocket flying over the water this stormy night, and I am hunting up my cloak and hood to go to the life-saving station."

"But, Alice"——

"Why, mother, that rocket means a vessel in distress, and you are not the woman to keep me from going to the station when our Tom is at sea? It is somebody's brother if it isn't mine."

"I—I—of course—but, Alice, I was thinking—isn't there somebody else to go?"

"No, mother. There are three families of us down on the Ridge, and the others are old folks—and—good-by, mother. Jamie, don't worry. I'll go right along the beach."

Another minute, and Widow Halfrey and Jamie heard a door slam.

"She's gone, Jamie!"

"Don't I wish I was strong, mother! I would have gone."

"Well, Jamie, it must be as it is. Oh, dear, what can we do?"

"Might pray," whispered Jamie.

The widow nodded assent, and her voice went up to God.

"Now, Jamie, it must be something else," said his mother, when her prayer was ended, "and we must do just the same as if our Tom were in that vessel that's in trouble. Our Tom is off at sea, but somebody's brother, as Alice said, is in that wreck."

"Oh, Tom said if he got wrecked, he would be thankful for a fire on the shore."

"Well, we will build one on the edge of the Ridge. The sea is roaring fearfully, but I don't think it is raining, and we will start a fire."

"The Ridge" was a high cliff overlooking the sea. The Widow Halfrey and two others had houses perched like little nests on the summit of the Ridge.

As Jamie and his mother were going to the edge of the Ridge, the widow's arms filled with dry wood, Jamie said, "I sometimes think, mother, if—if I could walk and run like other young men, I wouldn't be so much with you."

"I know it, Jamie, and it is such a comfort to be with you. And you help me, too. Have you got those shavings in your pockets?"

"Yes, mother," said Jamie, his crutches striking the ground with a kind of proud, self-important sound.

"There, Jamie, we will start our fire here. It will shine down into that black hole."

From the edge of the Ridge, all the world beyond seemed like one vast hole of blackness, one horrible chasm filled with an incessant, deafening roar. And what a brave illumination that fire made on the edge of that deep, black pit!

"Oh, if Tom could see it, wouldn't it make him happy, mother? You know it's his fire, kinder so. He said it would be a good thing."

"Well, I hope so. I wonder where Tom is! Off on the sea somewhere. He'll be home in a week, I dare say. Hark!"

"Hul—lo—o—o!" sounded a voice far down in this black hole that the fire was trying to illuminate.

"Mother, it's Alice! She's got back." He shouted, "Al—l—l—ice!"

"Yes, it is Alice. She has got back and I am thankful. But look, look, Jamie! They've seen our fire and are sending up a rocket!"

A rocket flashed up out of the chasm, up out of that perpetual roar of the waves.

"Poor fellows!" murmured the widow. "If Tom could know what we are doing, he would be pleased. 'Lend a hand to 'other folks,' that's what Tom used to say. Now, Jamie, I seem to think that on board the wreck they have seen our fire. Poor men, may they all get ashore! We will pile the wood on the fire, and then go into the house and do the next thing Tom advised."

"What's that, mother!"

"Why, he said, in case of a wreck, the sailors that might get ashore would be so thankful for dry clothes and for something to eat."

"Well, we will do just as you said," replied Jamie, starting off on his crutches. He might be a cripple, but it was glorious to witness his spirit. You forgot that he was not like other people.

When they reached home, Alice was there.

"O mother," she reported, "I was just in time to catch the surfman. You know that his beat only comes as far as Lion's Head, and that hid, as I thought it might, all rockets sent up on this side. There he was"——

"Who was it, Alice?"

"Silas Young, walking along, his lantern in one hand, and when I told him there was a wreck, he ran up on to the hummock back of him, pulled out his costom signal, lighted it, and then waving it, started on the run across the hummocks for the station, but I don't believe those on the wreck could see the light. The life-saving men will be here soon. Now I will help you, mother."

"We will get a quantity of dry clothing, Alice. If Tom were here, he would say, 'Take any of my clothes I left behind.' There are some hanging up on the nails in the wall as you go up the garret stairs," said Mrs. Halfrey. "I will be setting the table and think of something for the poor fellows to eat when they get ashore. I have heard Tom say more than once, 'Think of me when you see a poor hungry sailor, and feed him well.'"

"And me, mother?" asked a voice. "What can this young man do?"

"You, Jamie? Well, you can put a fire in the fireplace in the foreroom, so that there will be a warm, comfortable place for the men when they come ashore from the wreck."

The fore or best room was only used on important occasions, for two reasons; one was the fact that it was too large a room to be often used by so small a family, and the second was that Widow Halfrey did not own the largest woodpile in the world. To-night, though, the wood was not spared. Jamie, with a generous hand, piled it on the old-fashioned andirons, and took a deep, genuine delight in watching the fire hang a curtain of flame across the fireplace.

"Tom would like that, I know," thought Jamie, contemplating with great satisfaction the big, bright, cheery fire. "He would say, 'Give the poor sailors a warm welcome for my sake.'"

It would have done the absent brother much good if he could have been at home and gone through the house. In the kitchen he would have seen the generously set table and the coffee-pot on the stove. "Have tea, too, mother," suggested Jamie, "for Tom says some sailors like tea."

Widow Halfrey put her last tea in the pot and set it to simmering gently on the stove.

Then there were the piles of clothing in different chairs, while close at hand was the parlor with its welcoming fire and all the comfortable chairs in the house.

It was good to go through the place and think that for "somebody's brother" Alice Halfry could say this was all done.

But down on the beach what were the gallant surfmen from the life-saving station doing? Morning was now trying to look out of the ragged curtains of cloud in the east, and it looked on such a sad scene! An ocean in awful turmoil, the huge breakers driving towards the land and boiling in fury all about a doomed vessel upon the rocks.

"We can't reach that craft with our surf-boat," declared the keeper of the life-saving crew. "We must send our shot-line to the wreck, and then rig up our breeches-buoy."

The wreck-gun was discharged, sending a trusty line to the vessel. By its help a stouter rope was run from the shore to the ship, and a breeches-buoy went dangling above the surf. It was a very simple conveyance, only a belt of canvas and cork, and from this belt drooped a pair of breeches.

"Somebody's coming!" shouted the keeper. "Haul away."

Yes, a cargo of one had been packed into the breeches-buoy and was safely hauled ashore.

"Take him up to the Widow Halfrey's!" shouted the keeper.

Passenger after passenger by the clumsy but reliable breeches-buoy line reached the shore, and, fast as they came, they went to Widow Halfrey's. To their expressions of gratitude the mother or Alice or Jamie replied that they had a brother at sea and were glad, for hissake, to do all they could.

Finally, the only man left aboard the wreck came ashore.

"Plucky fellow! He stayed to the last!" cried the keeper.

This man also staggered, weary and chilled, to the Widow Halfrey's. And Alice cried when she admitted him, "Why, if it isn't our Tom!"—*Golden Rule.*

THE DIFFERENCE.

A noble man compares and estimates himself by an idea which is higher than himself, and a mean man by one which is lower than himself. The one produces aspiration; the other ambition. Ambition is the way a vulgar man aspires.—*H. W. Beecher.*

GET A HABIT.

Get a habit, a passion for reading; not flying from book to book, with the squeamish caprice of a literary epicure; but read systematically, closely, thoughtfully analyzing every subject as you go along and laying it up carefully and safely in your memory. It is only by this mode that your information will be at the same time extensive and accurate.—*Wirt.*

A CURE FOR THE HEARTACHE.

A BOY'S TEMPTATIONS.

Professor Henry Drummond, of Glasgow, says: "You have heard of the old castle that was taken by a single gun. The attacking force had only one gun, and seemed hopeless to try to take the castle; but one soldier said, 'I will show you how you can take the castle,' and he pointed the cannon to one spot and fired, and went on all day, never moving the cannon. About nightfall there were a few grains of sand knocked off the wall. He did the same thing the next and the next. By-and-by the stones began to come away, and by steadily working his gun for one week he made a hole in that castle big enough for the army to walk through. Now with a single gun firing away at every boy's life, the devil is trying to get in at one opening. Temptation is the practice of the soul, and if you never have any temptation you will never have any practice. A boy that attends fifty drills in a year is a much better soldier than the one that drills twice. Do not quarrel with your temptations; set yourself resolutely to face them.

DEMORALIZING THE YOUNG.

A boy entered a saloon with pop-corn. The bar-tender offered to buy the corn if the little fellow would take his pay in drink. The boy refused, saying that he used his money to buy bread and clothes for himself and little sister. The saloon-keeper bought some corn, and the boy started on his way to the door. The keeper of the den called the boy back, and gave him a glass of whiskey mixed with sugar and water, saying that it was good for colds. The boy pronounced it good and went away. Then this fiend in human shape said: "The Prohibition cranks are injuring us, and, unless we continue making customers out of the young, they will soon have them all on their side. If that boy keeps selling corn on this side of the river, it won't be three weeks till he will buy drinks of me. They learn easy when young," and he laughed heartily. Then the monster went on to enumerate the many boys he had taught to drink. One was a six-year-old son of a widow, whom he taught to drink from spite.—*Golden Rule.*

A BARGAIN FOR TWO HUNDRED.

We have purchased two hundred sets of *Chambers' Journal*, comprising the first nine months of 1889, bound in boards. This makes a book of six hundred and twenty double column pages, beautifully printed on good paper, and containing most interesting matter. Every article is complete except one continued story which opens in the last monthly number. The monthly numbers of this magazine sell at the book-stores in Canada for twenty cents each, making the cost of the nine numbers, $1.80. We offer them on these favorable conditions. We will send them post free to the first two hundred subscribers or workers who send us two new subscriptions to the *Weekly Witness* at one dollar each, one of them, at the least, being a new one, and ask for *Chambers' Journal*. We believe this to be an excellent opportunity for two hundred subscribers to the *Witness* or *Messenger* to get a selection of choice reading matter for nothing but doing two hundred kind turns to the *Witness*, and to one or more hundred who are induced to become subscribers to it.

THE *MESSENGER.*

The *Messenger* is a good paper that is doing much good. Every additional subscriber obtained increases the good done by it. By increasing its circulation you participate in the good being done. The *Messenger* will heartily welcome you as a co-worker.

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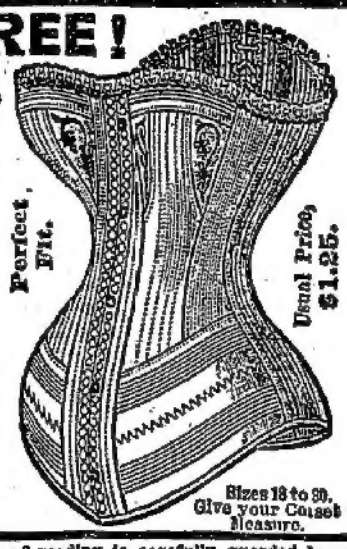
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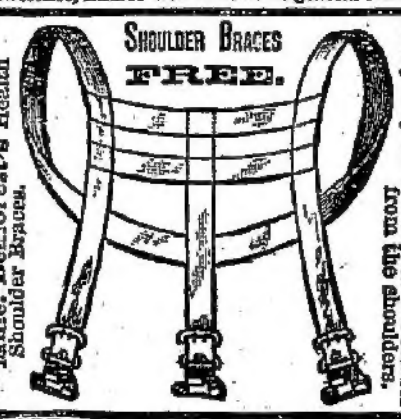
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